

VOLUME XVI.-NUMBER 13.8

Choice Loetry.

UNDER THE OLD BRIDGE.

BT JULIA A. EASTMAN. How the brook came dancing down From the mountain's leafy crown, Leaping past the boulders brown, Leaping Past the granite ridge! Loudly here, and lowly there, Like a child from play to prayer, Slipping through the stillness rare, Under the old bridge.

Pray, have you forgotten, Kate.
With your brown eyes, deep as fate,
With your misn of childish state,
In that far-off June,
How we chatted, you and I!
How we lay and watched the sky
Shimmering through the maples high,
In the Summer moon?

Down beside the alder's root, Lay the empty little boot. Shaped to suit a girlish foot. Splashing in the pool? Then a minnow darted by. Partly curious, partly shy, And you laughed, and wonders He was out of school?

Oh! that cool and shadowy nook By the willow-bordered brook! Oh, the comfort that we took In those woodland ways! Planning for the years to be— Glerious years for you and me— How secure and safe were we, In the dear old days.

Little Kate! Ah, well-a-day!
Twas your carriage stopped the way,
As I crossed the street, to-day,
Harrying to and fro.
Something in the still surprise
Of your haby's big brown eyes,
Stirred the sleeping memories
Hushed so long ago.

Nothing in that other face, Shaied by its princely lace, Lovely with a languid grace, Could have wrought the spell! Lady Kate, not Kate of old! Is the apple that you hold, Gilded dust, or real gold! You will never tell.

Curtains rich and carpet rare, Soften similght, shut out air; Shade and silence everywhere It your gorgeous rooms. But the splashing brooklet's flow, On your white feet, years ago, Had a gentler touch, I know, 'Mid our forest glooms.

Lady Kate! Ah, little Kate!
Did you find, and find too late,
Written in your book of fate,
Love la not in gold!
Ah! the leaves of nuple green,
Our young eyes and heaven between,
Did not shut out God, I ween,
Like your curtain's fold!

Select Story.

DOOMED AND SAVED.

A Narrow Escape From the Gallows—The Dan-ger of Circumstantial Evidence.

On a handsome lawn fronting an old ivy-grown massion in the State of Virginia, one pleasant afternoon not many years since, a group of young people of both sexes were gathered. Standing in their midst was an old woman, bent down with age, looking as if she stood on the brink of the grave, but her dark, restless eye showed that there was vigorous life in her mind, if not in her body.

She had been "telling fortunes" for the young people gathered around her, and to all but one, she had foretold a bright and happy future. The exception to this rule of blessedness through life, was a handsome boy of nineteen, with a dark, passic hate face, and an expression which indicated perfect fearlessness.

Five years before the opening of this story, an

ed perfect fearlessness.

Five years before the opening of this story, an farm, had made it their home. Mr. Mercer and his nephew Frank, were treated with kindness by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and they received invitations to visit the plantations near them. Frank soon became acquainted with all in the country, but his nucle never left his farm, and secondry, but us society. For this many reasons were given; but the true one was, that he had lost all his family, and Frank's parent having left him to Mr. Mercer's charge, he determined to devote himself to the boy, and found sufficient to the boy and found sufficient to the boy and found sufficient to the company and found sufficient to the company and in cultivativations.

ing left him to Mr. Mercer's charge, and found sufficient enjoyment in his company, and in cultivating his farm. Though reported very wealthy, and that he always kept a large sum of gold in the house, Mr. Mercer and Frank lived in a quiet way, and made no display.

Thus passed Frank's early youth, from his fourteenth until his seventeenth year, when our story opens. A man of superior education, Mr. Mercer had been his nephew's teacher, and had imparted unto him much knowledge of the world, of letters, and people, so that Frank, at nineteen, was as well informed as if he had possessed a cultivated education. There were those in the neighborhood who reported that the boy was wild and dissipated, and that found ready believers in others; so Frank had some enemics as well as many friends.

mencement of our story he had been invited to an entertainment given by a wealthy planter to

his children.

Mr. Dewes, the planter, had three children, the youngest and loveliest of whom was Mary, a girl of twelve. Mary and Frank were the best of friends, and loved each other dearly; so when the fortune-teller predicted a dark and stormy future for Frank, the tears arose to the child's eyes, and she said, "Don't listen to her, Frank."

But the boy laughed, and turning on his heel, walked away.

animoved by his sentence, which was to die on the gallows. When asked if he had aught to tags, Frank arose, and looking around the courtroom, in a clear voice, answered:

"I have! Circumstantial evidence has condemned me! I admit it looks as if I done the deed, but I am guiltless of murder! Dropping my percussion cap-box in a mountain stream; returned home for more; for without caps my gun was useless. It was a lovely night, and I determined to enter the house by my room-window, get the caps, and return without awaking my uncle. I tied my horse to the fence, sprang into the window, and then heard a loud crash, a call out and a shriek, in the direction of my uncle's room. I rushed thither—a dark form dashed by me in the uncertain light of the room—and I fell over something upon the floor. With fear in my heart, I arose, lighted a candle, and saw my uncle's body covered with blood, gold scattered upon the floor, and my own knife, which had

done the deed, lying near. I picked up the knife, and thus was I found by the negro, and seen by the peddler. As God is my witness, I did not murder the good old man who has protected me through life, and whom I loved as though be was my own father. I am guiltless of the deed, but submit to my fate!"

A silence fell moon all; there were leaves.

my own father. I am guiltless of the deed, but submit to my fate!"

A silence fell upon all; there were, however, but few who believed the youth's statement; among the latter was Mr. Dewes and his family, who, through all, remained stautch friends.

Frank Mercer was to be hung; to die an iguominions death on the gallows, and hundreds tlocked to the little town where the execution was to take place, to see him die. How they were disappointed to find the night before he had excaped! How, no one knew, but he had left a note addressed to the jailor, thanking him for the kindness shown him while he was under his charge, and his regrets that his escape might cause him trouble, but saying he had an opportunity of escaping, and took advantage of it, for he had no idea of dying an ignominious death for an act he was not guilty of, merely to gratify the curiosity of a gaping crowd. Freedom was offered him, and he accepted it, and hoped he would yet be able to prove his innocence.

This was about the subject of the letter, and when it was published in the local paper, there were some who were glad that the boy had escaped the gallows.

Mr. Mercer's property was, in his will, all left.

were some who were glad that the boy had escaped the gallows.

Mr. Mercer's property was, in his will, all left to Frank, and it was found to be considerable. Trustees assumed charge of it, and before long the quiet community had settled down to its usual routine, and the murder and escape were, in a short time, almost forgotten.

Ten years passed away, and no word of the fugitive had been heard, and people believed him dead. One exception was Mary Dewes, now grown to womanhood. She had never believed him dead, and through her life had treasured Frank's image in her immost heart, the mystery that hung around him but adding strength to her regard. Her sisters had married, her mother was dead, and, together with her father, they had lived at the old homestead.

Business calling Mr. Dewes to Havana, he took

had lived at the old homestead.

Business calling Mr. Dewes to Havana, he took
Mary with him, and then set sail from Charleston in a fine ship running south. They had been
some days at sea, when in the dead of night the
fearful cry of "Fire" was heard, which aroused
all from slumber. In vain were efforts made to
quench the flames. The seamen in fright rushed
into the only available boat, and it sank with them, and left them struggling in the ocean, borne away by the wind and waves, while Mr. Dewes and Mary, the captain of the ship, and a few others, were huddled away upon the stern, awaiting the fearful doom that must to all approximate them. pearance overtake them.

"Sail, ho!"

The joyons cry.came from the captain, who had been straining his eyes over the ocean, in hopes of seeing some vessel coming to save them. Swiftly flying towards them came a low, rakish, three-masted schooner, which ever and anon sent up a light to prove to those on board the burning ship that succor was near.

Hark! the deep boom of a gun is heard, and as the captain listens he exclaims, "Miss Dewes, we are all right now; cheer up, for there comes a vessel of war to our aid."

a vessel of war to our aid."
"Ship aboy!" came in ringing tones from the schooner, as she came near the burning ship, which was being driven rapidly along by the

which was being driven rapidly along by the wind.

"Ahoy!" answered the captain.

"Throw a long line from your ship, and I will set dyon a boat," came in the same clear tones.

The line was thrown, the boat attached, and, after a little difficulty, the people from the ship were transferred to the schooner, and Mary was soon in the comfortable cabin, rejoicing over their escape from a horrible death.

At breakfast the next morning, the young captain of the war-schooner descended to join his guests at the table, and, as he entered, Mary sprang toward him.

"Frank Mercer! Oh! it is you—is it not?"

One glance at the beautiful girl and, though years had passed, Frank Mercer—for it was no other—recognized the playmate whom he had loved so well, and whom he had never ceased to think of.

other—recognized the playmate whom he had loved so well, and whom he had never ceased to think of.

Mr. Dewes came forward, and what a joyful meeting was there; but seeing a cloud, as if of bitter memories, come over the young captain's face, Mr. Dewes said: "First, let me relieve your mind of one thing. Your innocence in Virginia has been thoroughly established; for a negro runaway, hung the other day for killing a woman, confessed just before his death that he had murdered your uncle, and your arriving when you did had prevented him from getting the gold, but made him escape from the house. He knew your uncle kept a large amount of money, and yon being away, as he thought, he procured your knife, and with it committed the fatal deed!"

Frank listened to Mr. Dewes, almost breathless, and when he had concluded, he bowed his face in his hands and wept like a child.

"But, come in," said Mr. Dewes, at length; "we are hungry and need breakfast; and I am dying to know how you became a captain in the Mexican navy."

"My story is easily told, my dear friends; for, after escaping from prison, through your kindness, I went to Mexico, entered the navy, and having rendered some service, rose to my present command, which has been the means of saving your lives."

Little more can be added.

Frank resigned his commission and returned home, where he was lionized by the entire community. He came in possession of his estates, which were greatly increased in value; and six months afterwards, in the very town where he was to have had the hangman's halter placed around his neck for death, he had the noose of matrimony thrown around him for life, and the bride was Maty Dewes. Thus his life had been both dark and bright in a remarkable degree.

when the fortune-teller predicted a dark and stormy future for Frank, the tears arose to the child's eyes, and she said, "Dou't listen to her, Frank."

But the boy laughed, and turning on his beel, walked away.

Two days afterwards he left home for a week's hunt in the mountains; but the second night after his departure, the neighborhood was aroused by the startling news that old Mr. Mercer has been murdered by his nephew. One of the servants passing through the house at night, heard a cry, and seeing Frank's window open, he eprangin, and walked across the hall to Mr. Mercer has been murdered by his nephew. One of the servants passing through the house at night, heard a cry, and seeing Frank's window open, he eprangin, and walked across the hall to Mr. Mercer chamber, from whence the cry came. Lying upon the floor was the old man, dead, while nearly hand. In fright, the negro maked from the house and gave the alarm. Persons from the house and gave the alarm. Persons from the heighborhood were sent for, and Frank was setted, against every protestation that he did not kill his uncle, and thrown into jail.

The feeling against the youth was intense, for the negro told the story of how he had found Frank; and a wayfaring pediller, who had just ascended the front steps to ask to stay all night corroborated the man's statement.

The trial came off and the charges made known. Frank was accused of starting upon a hunting expedition as a blind, and then returning from and attempting to remove a large bag of gold keep hy his uncle, had aroused him, and bridge when it was raised. The knife cry had been allowed by his manifer the heart of Mr. Mercer was killed was a large dirk-knife enfort, its weight having tour they have been dead to the heart of Mr. Mercer. The goldon, the bog when it was raised. The knife vith which which heart of Mr. Mercer was killed was a large dirk-knife enfort, its weight having tour the heart of Mr. Mercer was killed was one he had giene to receive the heart of Mr. Mercer was killed was one he ha

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1872.

THE CHURCH-YARD STILE.

BY BLIZZA COOK.

Miscellany.

I left thee young and gay, Mary,
When last the thorn was white;
I went upon my way, Mary,
And all the world seemed bright;
For though my love had ne er been told,
Yet, yet I saw thy form
Beside me, in the midnight watch,
Above me, in the storm;
And many a blissful dream I had,
That brought thy gentle smile.
Just as it came when last we leased
Upon the Church-yard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
As all I love the best:
To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
I've hid thee in my breast.
I came to yield thee up my heart,
With hope, and truth, and joy,
And crown with manbood's honest faith,
The feelings of the boy.
I breathed thy name, but every pulse
Grew still and cold the while;
For I was told thou wert asleep,
Just by the Church-yard Stile.

My measurates deemed me brave, Mary, Upon the sinking ship:
But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary, Have power to blanch my lip.
I felt no throb of qualling fear, Amid the wrecking surf;
But pale and weak I tremble here, Upon the oniered turf.
I came to meet thy happy face, And woo thy gleesome smile, And only find thy resting-place, Close by the Church-yard Stile.

Oh! years may pass away. Mary,
And sorrow lose its sting;
For Time is kind, they say, Mary,
And flies with healing wing;
The world may make me old and wise,
And hope may have new birth,
And other joys and other ties
May link me to the earth;
But Memory, living to the last,
Shall treasure up thy smile,
That took me back to find thy grave,
Close by the Church-yard Stile.

| From the Toledo Blade. THE NASBY LETTERS.

aking Advantage of Mr. Greeley's Tour, Mr. Nasby Gors to an Interior Village, to Organ-ize it—An Awkward Mix.

peshelly that he shood never menshan politis, (ceptin that he mite now and then bowl mildiy suthin about the era uv good feelin,) and shood he speshely keerful to dodge all them pints out ny wich offeuse mite come. "The toor," I remarkt, "is to be one uv sentiment. We are on a pilgrimage to the tooms uv our ancesters—we are a goin to visit the seens uv our chil: hood, et it were; to revive remembrances uv our yoothful days and sich, and it must be confined strikly to that. I hev arranged with our committees on the rout to organize for a spontaneous out-pourin uv the peeple to receeve yoo, and yoo must speck to cen at each stoppin-place. I wood recommend that yoor responses to the greetins be mostly alloeshelm to the grandyoor uv the mountains, and the purity uv the air and water, and above all, don't forgit the mother biznis. Ef yoo cood ring in a verbal spent son, it wood hev a good effect. Yoo meedn't to out yoor father, for fathers is played out. It's the mother that teches the popular hart. And yoo must git yoor eyes in condishen to drop a simpathizin teer or two, ef occashen demands. I have done good things afore now, by weepin performed to the processing hed started onto its toor, I packt my valise wifh a bottle, and possibly a whirt or two, (tho I reely forgit about the latter, payis so little attenshun ez I do to the mere luxuries uv life.) and started for a interior village any Pennsylvany, wher I made a speech last year, and consekently knowed all the principal Dimokrats. I put up at the old familyer taveru, where any pennsylvany, wher I made a speech last year, and consekently knowed all the principal Dimokrats. I put up at the old familyer taveru, where the licker I knowed to be good. I hed barely time to hist in three or four slugs, afore it wur moised abroad that I wur there. In twenty minits a person appeared to interview me. He interolost the licker I knowed to be good. I hed barely time to hist in three or four slugs, afore it wur moised abroad that I wur there. In twenty minits a person appear

who hed determined to vote for Homest Old Horris. I askt him to drink, wich he did, and then
went on. He was disgustid with the corrupshen
and rascality uv the Republikin party, and felt
that he must leave it. He wanted purity—he
yerned for a return to suthin beside office seekin.
Hence, he hed decided to support Greeley. "But,"
resoomed he, "I hev made sacrifices in this, and I
must bev ashoorances. I wuz an unsuccessful applicant for the Post Offis in this village under
Linkin, in 1861; then agin in 1865. I succeeded
in gittin it uv Jonson in 1866, when the then incumbent wuz dismist, and held it till April, 1869,
when the tyrant Grant dismissed me, and re-apgiated my predecessor; and he left me to languish
all these years without offishel posishen, and to
subsist on the petty ernins uv my wife, wich is a
milliner. Ef Horris is elected, kin I hev that offis? I kin controle the Libral vote uv this County, sir. I hold it in the holler uv my hand."
"Say no more, sir," sed I. "I fully appreshiate
your posishen." Uv coarse I kin make no positive
promis; but it is safe to say, sir, that the posishen
shel be yoors. But that Libral Republikin vote,
sir, must be all polled. We shel hold you responsible for it."

He left the presence profeces uv thanks, and I

shel be yoors. But that Libral Republikin vote, sir, must be all polled. We shel hold you responsible for it."

He left the presence profoese uv thanks, and I took four more drinks hand runnin.

Mr. Slodgers hedn't any more than got out, when another citizen entered and announced hisself ez a Libral Republikin, wich his name wuz Perkins. He wanted to be understood, to begin with, ez holdin the Libral Republikin vote in his hand. He cood controle it. Without his aid, nothin cood be done with it. He created it, and he held it to-day. But he hed bin a candidate for Treshrer uv the County reglerly from 1856 to date; but hed allux been defeated by fraud. The last time he wuz defeated by fraud, he lledn't but two votes in the County Convenshun—his uncle and brother-in-law. He was disgusted with the offisseekin party, but cood be be ashoored uv the Post Offis in the event uv Greely's elecishen? He felt that ef he ever wuz agoin to hev a offis, this wuz the time. He wantid that Post Offis from the time he waz twenty-one years old. "Without my inflooence," sed he, "the Libral Republikin vote in this visinity will be nothin. I. sir, hold that vote in the holler uv my hand. Kin I hev that offis!"

I hed taken two drinks while talkin to him, and wuz oblivins nv everything that preseeded it. I replied that uv coarse we coodn't make promises now, but that he shood rest easy. I felt that ther wood be nothin in the way uv his appintment, the minit the Farmer uv Chappaqua shood be inogerated. "But, sir, the Libral Republikin vote must all be out; we shel hold yoo responsible for it."

his hungry face I never saw ekalled; and he took his leave, and I took two more drinks.

Skasely hed Perkins disappeared, before another cum, who announst hisself as Mr. Eli Matchitt. Matchitt remarkt that he rejoiced at the movement wich led to the nominashen nv Mr. Greeley at Cincinnati. He hed allus acted with the Republikin party, but the offis-seekin tendency uv the members therof hed disgusted him, and he hed determined to quit it. He hed inflooence. He controled the Libral Republikin vote—in fact, he held it in the holler uv his hand, and without his inflooence, nothin cood be done with it. But he hed made sacrifices. He wuz a unsuccessful applicant for the Assessership in 1861, and agin in 1865. President Jonson wuz pleased to give it to him, but he wuz removed by the mercilesa tyrant, Grant, in 1869, and one uv his minyuns appinted in his place. He hed sed, at times, that he wood accept the Post Offis, of it wuz tendered him, and ez some slite acknowledgment uv his services in controllin the Libral Republikin vote, he shood expect it. "In case the good Greeley is elected, kin I hev it?"

We drank, and, forgittin all about Perkins, I replied promptly that, uv coarse, no positive promise cood be made at so crly a date, but I cood say, frankly, that ther coodent be any doubt about it. And Mr. Matchitt took his leave, thankin me profosely, and promisin that the Libral Republikin vote, which he controled, shood be out.

I then took several drinks by myself.

How I got to the train that nite, or wat transpired. I know not. I hev a indistinct iiee uv hev-

I then took several drinks by myself.

How I got to the train that nite, or wat transpired, I know not. I hev a indistinct ijee uv hevin a mob uv men in my rosm, and uv much drinkin. Suffise it to say, I awoke on the cars, and found myself some hours after in Noo York, and then back to my quarters at Chappaqua.

Ten days after I receeved four letters. Three uven wuz from Messrs. Slodgers, Perkins and Matchitt; each reproached me with dooplisty in promisin the Post Offis to the two others, and each ashoorin me that he alone controled the Libral Republikin vote uv the County. The other wuz from the landlord, enclosin bill for busted furnitoor, and statin likewise that I hed made a ass uv myself, ez the only Libral Republikins ther wuz in the County wuz Slodgers, Matchitt and Perkins, and that they wuz uv that pekoolyer stripe that the Republikins rejoist more fervently when they left the party than they did over ther success in North Karlina. I must quit either likker or politics. They don't work well together.

PERTOLECUR V. NASBY,

(Wich wuz Postmaster, and wich hopes to be agin.)

moised abroad that I way ther. In twenty minits a person appeared to interview me. He interdoest hisself ex a Mr. Slodgers—a Libral Republikin, who hed determined to vote for Honest Old Horris. I askt him to drink, which he did, and then went on. He was disgusted with the corrupshen and rascality uv the Republikin party, and felt that he must leave it. He wanted purity—he yerned for a return to suthin beside office seekin. Hence, he hed decided to support Greeley. "But," resoomed he, "I hev made sacrifices in this, and I must be abnorances. I way an unsuccessful applicant for the Post Offis in this village under Linkin, in 1861; then agin in 1865. I succeeded in gittin it uv Jonson in 1866, when the then incumbent way dismist, and held it till April, 1869, when the tyrant Grant dismissed me, and re-applinted my predecessor; and he left me to languish all these years without offishel posishen, and to subsists on the petty ermins uv my wife, wich is a milliner. Ef Horris is elected, kin I hev that offisf I kin controle the Libral vote uv this County, sir. I hold it in the holler uv my hand."

"Say no more, sir," sed I. "I fully appreshiate yoor posishen. Uv coarse I kin make no positive received but it is affe to say, sir, that the nositive received her is affected to be President to the satisfaction of all concerned.

He has itched to be President for many years, and the Permocratic party have scratched him in the right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white the right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white the right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white right place. A Binghampton journal professes to have seen in undeniable black and white evidences of a corrupt bargain and sale, as the result of which the contr

MOLLIE BELL

Like two rose-buds crushed in anow, Are the chocks of Mollie Bell; Like the violets that grow Mong the dasies in the dell, Are her eyes—the stars of night ye'er a mortal heart did swell With such pure and fond delight As the eye of Mollie Bell.

Music trembles on the lip
Of the fairy Mollie Bell:
Oh! I'd give, such sweets to sip.
Wealth that Crossus ne'er could tell;
I would coin my brain and soul.
Could the mintage buy a spell
That would waft me to my grai—
Waft and win my Mollie Bell!

As the sound of silver fine.
In the voice of Mollie Bell;
Wit, like bubbles on the wine.
Pure as pearls in ocean shell.
Sparkle through her golden theme,
Joyful as a marriage bell.
I could glide adown life's stream
In one boat with Mollie Bell.

MOSBY'S SUBBENDER TO GRANT.

The Confederate Colonel Tells Why He Prefers "the Commander-in Chief" to a "Serub" -Some Remons Which are in Porce North of the Line-One Side of the Hunton-Monby De-

Correspondent of the N. Y. Herald.

On rising to respond, Col. Mosby was received with applause and three cheers. He said he had come to discuss the general political topics of the day, to define his position and to defend himself from the aspersions and opinious of partisans. If his counsel had prevailed, those who had heretofore been fighting the great battle of constitutional liberty together would be united and active, pressing on honorably for success, but in an unlucky moment some of the Democracy were seized with an unaccountable panic, and while thus demoralized had surrendered to the enemy—not the main enemy, but a band of plunderers, bummers, foragers, and "dead beats," who had assembled at Cincinnati and styled themselves a convention. He preferred Grant to Greeley—[applause]—and he came to proclaim it boldly and give his reasons for so doing. What claim had he on him, or the people with whom he lived! Had not his paper (the Tribsue) for the last thirty years been a perfect Vesuvius, belching forth and Correspondent of the N. Y. Herald.

of hate and discontent through the South, trampling under foot its institutions, insulting its noblem and best—in fact, doing all that devilish hate and ingenuity could suggest to gratify his malice and creed? And yet he was asked to vote for this man for President, because the conservative party could not afford to be beaten. The party had been beaten oftentimes before. There was no dishonor in defeat; but the fact was, they could not afford to be honest. It means that honesty is not the best-policy. It means that political contests are not inaugurated for great principles, or, in other words, SCATTERING THE HELLISH LAVA

or, still further, they don't want any principles which do not pay. [Applaase.] For the first time in the history of the great party, they deliberately inscribed "Spoils" upon their banner, and expect to march to victory. According to this theory of theirs, all men who battled for principles were fools, and the gallant three hundred at Thermopyle ought to have surrendered at once, gone over to the enemy, and secured as much as possible of the garbage of the camp. [Applause.] The specious cry of the Liberals was "corruption." That had been the cry of the "onts" ever since he had heard of parties. But the trouble with such men was they were not corrupted. [Applause.] But, oh, how willing they were to be corrupted! Why, if by any accident Greeley should be elected, the companies would have to run double daily trains to Washington in order to accommodate this patriotic crowd, and aid them in their efforts to be "corrupted." [Applause.] PRINCIPLES DON'T PAY!

General Hunton had tried to make a great deal of the Walker election and this parallel, all of which he denied. Walker had come to Virginia, entered into business, conducted himself as a gentleman, and he defied any to say truthfully that he had been guilty of one mean not toward the people of the South. Would his friends and backers proclaim that of Mr. Greeley; and the fact is, that the worst thing which can be said against Grant is that he took Horace Greeley's advice; was forced by a pressure of circumstances to the plan then advocated by Greeley in the Iribune for crushing the people of the South. Gentlemen say Mr. Greeley has now changed. He said that Greeley had not changed a single spot in his Radical hide. [Applause.] FIRST STAR FOR BUNTON.

He next discussed the complexion of the Cincinnati Convention, which, he said, was composed of political lazzaroni, beggårs on horseback, supplants for spoils—men who were offended with Grant because he couldn't feed them all. [Applanse, and shouts of "Hurrah for Grant."] These were the men. It had got so now that as soon as a Radical got out of office or was kicked out for rascality, he assumed the air of injured innocence, talked sorrowfully about corruption and nepotism—[applanse]—and then joined the Liberals. Dr. Johnson once said that the last refuge of a scoundrel was to call himself a patriot. Nowadays the last refuge of a disappointed office-secker is to call himself a Liberal. POLITICAL BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.

ernor of the State of New York, rise in his place and present what he said was a petition of 13,000 Germans for the nomination of Greeley, while he believed it was an old petition in regard to the excise law with a new head put to it. These were nice men to talk about reform. [Applanse.] But this double nomination was the richest thing of all. The so-called Cincinnati Convention was a mob, a gang assembled together without any attituents. They drew up a declaration of principles, nominated Greeley and left. The Baltimore Convention was composed of delegates who represented constituencies, but unluckily had no principles. So the two fused. The first furnished the principles, and the second the voters—[applause]—and called it all they could do for the Democracy. He called it

SELLING OUT

FILING OUT

—[applanse]—and selling out to the worst of men. There was Ashley, of impeachment fame, who had been made Governor of Moutana, but was ejected for malfeasance. [Laughter.] There was N. P. Banks, but he was in truth a 'Liberal, for had he not, while in the valley, supplied Jackson with six months provision free of cost, just for the taking? [Laughter and applanse.] And so he might go on. They were the oddest lot of bummers, politically speaking, ever got together, made up of the odds and ends of all the parties ever in existence, with but one common tie to bind them in their work of hate. There was but one other gathering in this world at all like them. That was

BARNUM'S HAPPY FAMILY.

BARNUM'S HAPPY FAMILY.

[Applause.] And these were the aen who presumed to sit in judgment on him and teach him his political principles. [Applause.] Another strong point with them was that San Domingo business. He didn't know or care anything about it, except Mr. Grant had offered to purchase it for a sum of money. Mr. Jefferson had purchased Louisiana in the same way, and he didn't think the gentlemen who are growling about this island would like to give Louisiana back. [Applause.] Another indictment against Grant was the bayonet law. Both Mr. Greeley and his platform indorse that. Grant didn't ask Congress to pass it; Greeley did, and insisted on it, and he thought that a man advocating Mr. Greeley's election had a hard check to come before Southern people and find fault with Grant for enforcing it.

to having Mr. Greeley's past record produced, and says he is not here to defend it. This also was a new phase in politica; gentlemen on the stump avowing that they are gahamed of the record of their candidate. He intended, though, to induce it, and show gentlemen that it was so impish [applanse] that even his friends had to turn their backs on it. If he were forced to that strait, he would never ask a friend to vote for his candidate. [Applanse.] How did he get the nomination? Why, as everyb dy knows, by the chicanery of the Tammany thieves, who, in order to get p session of the government, picked a man they knew they could use, a man who had been the alleged scarecrow of both continents for the past ten years. Horace Greeley was a man whose chief claim to distinction was his intolerant hate of the South, the wearing of a white hat, and walking down Broadway with one leg of his breeches stuck in his boot. [Langhter and applanse.] They wanted to make the masquerade complete, and they could not have selected a more appropriate candidate, not GEN. HUNTON OBJECTS

EVEN DOLLY VARDEN HERSELF. And still Southern men thought he could be elec-ted and give them office. If that was what they wanted, he advised them to take chances in vot-ing for Grant, who was sure to be elected. These promises reminded him of the devil taking the Saviour to the top of the mountain and offering to Him all the world, though at the time he did not own an acre. (Applause.) Well, the devil had just as much show of follalling his promise as Horace Greeley has. [Applause.]

HE PREFERRED GRANT TO GREELEY, use one was a soldier and the other a fanatie He supported Grant because of his terms to Lee, and surely no conqueror ever bore himself more magnanimously to a vanquished foe than did Grant when he returned his sword to Lee, and

ed of political lazzaroni, beggars on horseback, supplants for spoils—men who were offended with Grant because he couldn't feed them all. [Applanse, and shorts of "Hurrah for Grant."] These were the men. It had got so now that assoon as a Radical got out of office or was kicked out for rascality, he assumed the air of injured innocence, talked sorrowfully about corruption and nepotism—[applanse]—and then joined the Liberals. Dr. Johnson once said that the last refuge of a scoundrel was to call himself a patitot. Nowadays the last refuge of a disappointed office-seeker is to call himself a Liberal.

THE GANG AT CINCINNATI

were so mean that they even attempted to steal from Grant the man they were moving heaven and earth to nominate. He had the impudence to insert the anneaty plank in their platform, when he knew full well Grant had been recommending it to Congress for two years. [Cheers for Grant.] He read several of-the resolutions of the Cincinnati platform, and said they might be good enough for some men tasfand on, but they were not good enough for him—[applanse]—and he did not think good enough for any Southern man. It contained every heresy of the old party in its most radical day, and just here he wanted to say that

HE SPUENED ALIEE BOTH PLATFORMS.

His supported of Mr. Grant was purel's a question. He howelers and hangers on, but to fand serum, the howelers and hangers on, but to fand serum, the howelers and hangers on, but to fand serum, it had been mall. School for injured the article and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did then what I do now. I surface and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did then what I do now. I surface and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did then what I do now. I surface and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did then what I do now. I surface and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did then what I do now. I surface and his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanse,] I did the

and the Democratic party have estimated under the right place and understable back and white the evidences of a corrapt bargain and sale, as the result of which the unminitions at Clincians and Early and the control of the control

A DREAM OF YOUTH

WHOLE NUMBER, 793.

I'm dreaming of the past to-night,
And through the chambers of my soul
Old memories wing their silent flight,
Far suward to an unseen goal.
Bright visions rise of vanished hours,
When smiles were many, tears were few;
When hopes like Summer blossoms aprang,
As radiant and as fleeting, too.

Oh! vanished hours! why will ye rise.
To thrill my heart with sudden pain,
And restless yearning to behold.
Those shous I ne'er may see again!
Some of the loved have passed array—
O'er them the marble coldly gleams;
And some the world has changed—a few.
Are faithful to their early dreams.

Some brows the bribal wreath bath press d; Some gifted ones Fame's chaplet wear, Some grace the quiet walks of life. And some wealth's gilded homes share; But we may never meet again. As once we met in those bright days. Etw our young feet had wandered far Adown life's devious, wandering ways.

But let us each, with willing heart, Life's duties cheerfully perform; Take for our anchor. smaling hope." Allke in smodaine and in storm; And when life's silver cord is lessed, And all our wanderings are o'er. In that fair hand where all is peace, Oh, may we need to part no more.

WHY SHOULD THIS GREAT PARTY

Extract from Vice-President Wilson's Benn-fort Speech.

They tell us that our mission is accomplished, our work all done, and that it is time for the Republican party to die. Why should this great party die! This party of emancipation, justice, and humanity! Who is to take its place! You know and I know that the Democratic party for a generation carried the banners of slavery, that it sought to make human bondage the cornerstone of government. Now, certainly, the work of the Republican party is not all done until it has converted the Democratic party from these ideas. Now, gentlemen, I stand by the Republican party as an organization of the highest, noblest, purest, and best sentiments of the American people. In saying this I do not mean to undervalue the Democratic party. It has in its ranks also fmen of high ability and character, and I thank God that it has. I hope the time will never come when there will be a party in this country without good and noble men within its ranks. I hope the time will never come when there will be a division of parties in this country upon a basis of race or condition, but I say to you, my colored friends, stand firm in defense of the principles which made you free, and I say to every white man not to do anght against these principles. Be just, if not generous, and accord to others what you ask for yourselves. I would be shamed to look any man in the face to whom I dented rights which I sought for myself. I believe that God made me; that Christ died for me; that everybody has the right to make himself as great as he can, and to prepare himself for the great hereafter. That is the work of life, and it is our mission to lift up mankind in this high purpose. Our party came into existence to accomplish this mighty work, and while yet some of it remains to be done, we are told this organization ought to die and give way to something else, To what! I sthe Democratic party fit to take the government! Has it been fit for the last dozen years! It knows that it has not, and it went to Baltimore to adopt the Cincinnati platform, which dissewns e

magnanimously to a vanquished foe than did Grant when he returned his sword to Lee, and hade him go in peace. The covenant made that ahy has been sacredly kept. For him there was no trimphal procession chanting peans of victor yro humble his conquered fee. He was no Achild lex, to drag the body of his cenury around the swalls of the conquered city. Suffice if for him to know that his work, in which he had thrown his walls of the conquered city. Suffice if for him to know that his work, in which he had thrown his wale sonl, was accomplished, and he was will ling to drop the currian on the scene. [Applanes, and three cheers for Grant.] He then read an editorial from the Richmond Exputer, which said that Mosky, the last man to surrender during the war, was the last convert to Grantina and commenting on it. To this he replied that he believed his cause was just; but when it be ame hopeless, he surrendered then, as now, to the CODMANDER IN-CHEEF, NOT THE SCRUES and senn, the howlers and hangers on, but to soldiers; and that his name and those of his associates were imperishably enrolled on the page of his country's history, and would be talked of its clean his other maligners would be forgotten. [Applanes, I] did then what I do now. I sure trought and the weak, and one which will prevent the surrough and the weak, and one which will prevent the surrough and the weak, and one which will prevent the surrough and the weak, and one which will prevent the surrough and the weak, and one which will prevent the surrough the su

the country upon the basis of the whole people.

THE Mont Cenis Tunnel is not the first one through the Alps. More than three hundred years ago a tunnel was built by the Marquis of Saluces, through the Mont Viso, at whose fout the Porises. It is about one-sixth as long as the Mont Cenis tunnel, and considering the difference in the methods and implements in use, it was quite as bold an undertaking. It opens on the Italian side at the very source of the Po, about 2,600 yards above the level of the sea, and more than 2,150 yards of its length is ent in a straight line through the solid rock in the very heart of the Alpine chain. It was intended to be used as a turnpike road, and is to this day the only direct route from Embrun to Saluces. Partly destroyed by the King of Sardinia, so as to impede the invasion of the French republican armies, it was afterward repaired and improved by Napoleon I. Strange that such a work should have been almost forgotten, and should now be of no practical use.

CAPTAIN SILAS BENT, who has a good name as a physical geographer, has been explaining that to reduce Northern Europe to a frozen wilderness, we have only to make a big enough cut in the Lathnuss of Panama to send the surplus equatorial current of the Atlantic into the Pacific, instead of having it diverted, as now, to the shores of Europe. England and Germany and Northern Europe would be reduced to their natural climate level—that of Labrador. The northern shores of Europe are warmed by the gulf stream, which has its origin in the westward equatorial currents which are deflected by the shores of the gulf and sent te the northeastward. Take away the barrier of the Isthous, and the warm water would go straight through to Asia.

A STORY is told of a soldier who was frozen in Siberia. His last remark was: "It is ex...," He then froze stiff as marble. In the summer of 1800 some physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifteen years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with—"ceedingly cold."

BLUSHING.—"A thought often makes us hotter then a fire," says Longfellow.